

THE QUATORSE,

OR THE

CUP 21 g. 43/9

Sorrowful Lamentation of the *Preston* Gentlemen in the Press-yard, for the Loss of *P. W.* Made by the Author, while he was playing at Picket.

In Imitation of *Habby Simson*.

THE Press-yard now may cry Alace,
For she has lost her greatest Grace,
And all within that dismal Place
Themselves bemoan;
Not one can shew a cheerful Face.
Sen *Pere's* gone.
Now wha shall Play *Corellis'* Airs:
Make Tables Dance with Stools and Chairs
Like Lads and Lasses at our Fairs,
As oft he's done?
But now Alace w' have no such Play'rs,
Sen *Pere's* gone.
Such Skill he had in Musicks Arts
So exquisitely play'd his Parts,
That oft he made more bleeding Hearts
With's Bow alone,
Than *Cupid* with Ten Thousand Darts;
But now he's gone.
Whilst *Pere* staid, we were resign'd
No murmur'd then, not one repin'd
Altho' like Thieves we were confin'd
To th' middle Stone.
But wha can Ease the troubl'd Mind,
Sen *Pere's* gone?
Whilst *Pere* staid we fear'd no Evil,
From fawning *Rosess* or surly *Revels*.
Both then were grown most wondrous Civil
By Musick won;
But now begin to play the Devil,
Sen *Pere's* gone.
The Captain too by Nature rough
As Grenadier girt up in Buff;
As smooth as Silk, or softest Stuff
He then was grown;
But now he's turn'd Morose and Gruff,
Sen *Pere's* gone.
When doom'd to die was bonny Wood end,
And likely was to make no good end,
Instead of *Paul*, he did attend,
His Tunes alone
Could raise the drooping Heart of's Friend
But now he's gone.

His Musick all from Ills protected,
And cured those with Plague infected;
So sweetly he each Note dissected
With sprightly Tone:
But now Alace 'tis all neglected,
Sen *Pere's* gone.
O wa is me! quoth, *Thomas Riddell*,
My Musick now must all lie idle
For want of *Pere's* Pipe and Fiddle.
With grief and moan
My farting Pipe is burst i'th' middle,
Sen *Pere's* gone.
Pere, who could my Mirth enhance,
And make my Dog and me to Dance,
Or raise me from the deadly Trance,
When cold as Stone.
O wa is me unhappy Chance!
Poor *Pere's* gone.
When e'er we met for to be Cheary,
Wha could divert us, Wha but *Pere*?
So Blyth he was, so Brisk and Airy,
'Twas he alone,
And only he could make us Merry,
But now he's gone.
Ay when he barked like the Dogs
The Geirlings leap'd and skip'd like Frogs,
Or Irish tripping o'er the Bogs.
But now ther's none
That can divert the little Rogues,
Sen *Pere's* gone.
He did not much delight to Scribble,
As some, who when at witt they Nibble;
But as for Pun, or quarter Quibble,
out done by none.
To vie with him no Man was able;
But now he's gone.
Pere who was without compare;
The Loss of him what Man can bear,
And not let fall a mournful Tear?
In saddest Tone,
Let all his Friends their Grief declare,
Sen he is gone.

F I N I S.